

# VOX COLLEGII



January

1914

WHITBY

ONTARIO

GERTRUDE A. BRITNELL,  
95 SUMMER HILL AVE.,  
TORONTO, ONT., CAN.



# Vox Collegii

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*"Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit."*

VOL. XXX

WHITBY, JANUARY, 1914

No. 3

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## A New Year's Resolution.

[By Marion Blacklock.]

It was New Year's Eve, and Dorothy and her little brother Jack were allowed to stay up to watch the New Year in. "One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten—eleven," counted Dorothy, as the old grandfather's clock told the hour, "Only eleven, and I'm so sleepy." Jack, who was a veritable sleepy-head, was fast asleep in his father's great arm chair, while Dorothy sat in her little Morris chair in front of the grate, building fairy castles in the glowing coals and planning how well she would carry out her New Year's resolutions.

"Well, anyway, I am going to practice whenever mamma tells me to," said Dorothy, sitting erect and giving the fire a vigorous poke, as if to emphasize what she had said.

"Seems to me I heard you say that last year," said a voice near her, and a little old man hopped out of the grate and stood in front of her.

"Please, are you a fairy," asked Dorothy timidly.

"I am the Elf of New Year's Resolutions, and I have something to show

you if you will come with me," replied the little old man, and, taking her by the hand, he led her out into the street, and they went so quickly that Dorothy was tired and breathless when they stopped in front of an old building, just exactly like the one she and Jack used to play hide-and-seek around, except that this one had "1913 Resolutions" written in large letters over the door. As they entered Dorothy observed that there was only one room and that there were piles of broken glass scattered around on the floor. "Oh! Look at all the funny little piles of broken glass, and just look at this one," said Dorothy, pointing to a pile near her. "Why, it is broken into the tiniest pieces." The little old man shook his head gravely, and, pointing to the floor, said, "My dear child, these piles of broken glass all represent the resolutions you made at the beginning of 1913. Some of them you really tried hard to carry out, but this pile in which there are so many small pieces is PIANO PRACTICE." Dorothy hung her head, and



inwardly resolved that she would never again run away and play when she ought to practice.

When Dorothy looked up again the Elf had vanished, and in his place stood her brother Jack, who was saying, as he rubbed his eyes, "Wake up,

sister ! It's New Year's Day and the bells are ringing."

"And it was only a dream after all," thought Dorothy, as she and Jack sat hand in hand listening to the chimes proclaiming the birth of the New Year.

## Extracts from a Missionary's Letter.

The following is an extract from a letter from Mrs. Goforth, written recently to her daughter, Helen. Mr. and Mrs. Goforth have been engaged for some time past in preaching tours in their mission field in North Central China, and Mrs. Goforth tells about this work in her letter, which is written in diary form :—

This has been a wonderful day of opportunity ! All morning preaching was carried on as before in our courtyard to the women. At noon an invitation came for us to preach at a place in the centre of the village. As I did not want the preaching stopped in this place, I left two women, and took Mrs. Wang (the native Bible woman) with me to the new place. Fully fifty women sat on the ground listening for two hours and a half, till our throats were sore and we were too tired to speak more. This evening one woman on our way home from the meeting said she had prayed for the first time, and that it was the first day that she could remember in which she had not reviled.

Thursday—This afternoon I took all my three Bible women with me to the same place we were at yesterday, and for more than two hours the crowd of women sat on the ground in the shade of a cowshed and listened to the gospel. I had my baby organ brought over, and when we were very tired we sang a verse or two of a hymn for them, which was a great delight.

Friday—Another day even better than yesterday. In the morning we went to a home nearby and preached to a courtyard of women and girls. In the afternoon we went to the same place we were at yesterday, and the

crowd was even greater—but oh, the children ! I do love them, but forty in a courtyard when preaching is going on, is a little too much of a good thing. I sent about twenty of the noisiest out to play on the street when things got too wild, but my head was hardly turned when back they all were as lively as ever, most of them in nature's attire. In spite of all these distractions the women stayed and listened for two hours till we were forced to stop, too tired to go on. Then I told them they could just ask me questions and we would have a friendly time together. They gathered around me till I thought I would be smothered. One stroked this hand, another that. Some felt my hair and wanted to take the hair pins out to see how I did it up. Dozens looked at me and smiled as if they really loved me. One dear old woman almost blind tried to get near me, but the crush was so great she almost gave up. I saw her and made way for her beside me, and oh, how grateful she was to get near enough to see my face !

As we pass along the street the greatest friendliness is shown. At the evening service my part is to play the organ and lead the singing and keep the children in order—no small task, and your father and his helpers do all the preaching.

Oh, I cannot describe the joy of this work, and I do so praise God for His manifest presence and blessing. The Chinese say, "The wheat is ready to be cut," meaning hearts are turning to God longing to be shown His love.

"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest."



## The Bazaar.

A Christmas Bazaar was held at the College early in December, for the purpose of raising funds to send our delegate to Kansas City Missionary Convention. Each student responded valiantly to the request for contributions of fancy work or home-made candy. As a result the booths presented a splendid array of the girls' handiwork.

The fancy work booth occupied a choice position in the bay window of the chapel and was very prettily decorated with festoons of red and green crepe paper. The girls in the booths looked fascinating in their red caps and aprons, and were doubtless the means of attracting and keeping a large crowd around their booth.

The candy booth was a little tower of lattice work, carried out in white and Dutch blue crepe paper. It stood in the centre of the spacious room devoted to the booths, and was also the centre of attraction until the last well filled box of "sweets" was disposed of. The girls behind the counter wore white dresses with coy Dutch caps of blue, and dainty blue aprons.

The fortune-telling booth was not the least among the attractions of the bazaar. A corner was fantastically draped with spreads of many hues. An opening in the curtain folds revealed the mysterious interior, dimly lighted by flickering tapers, which cast weird shadows on the withered face of the "old" witch, who sat crouched in her corner, awaiting the fair maidens who timidly came to learn who their soul mates were.

A few enterprising teachers, aspiring to fill the coffers of the Y.W.C.A. to

overflowing, set up a suspicious looking fish pond in the opposite corner from the swindling fortune teller. Many useful articles, "just what a school girl needs," were fished from the magic depths of the pond, by the means of a tin pail attached to a silken cord, and suspended from a real fishing pole.

The Japanese tea-rooms were without doubt a popular attraction of the bazaar.

Bowers of wysteria and cherry blossoms, in and around which hovered dainty, sandalled Japanese maidens, were inviting and welcoming the guests and students of the college into their fragrant and dimly lighted rooms. If the incense offered was by any chance sacrificed on the altar of the little god of Success, the idol smiled and the request was granted. Profits were realized to the amount of twenty dollars.

The drawing room, in which the tea-rooms were erected, was crowded from three o'clock until six, and the admiration voiced so freely was an encouragement to all the workers.

We wish to thank the faculty and students for their hearty co-operation, and hope that if a similar event takes place next year, their interest will be as genuine.

Adding to the pleasure of the afternoon were the vocal and piano selections rendered so charmingly by the Misses Messer, Smith, Sharpe and Tucker.

The afternoon proved to be so delightful that the tea-rooms were reopened on the following Monday.

## Mock Wedding.

A very grotesque wedding was manipulated on Friday evening, the sixteenth, in the College Rectory, when Miss Empty-head Know - Nothing,

(Josephine Greenway), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willum Know-Nothing, was wedlocked to the Rt. Hon. Mr. Pessimist Block-head, R.S.V.P. (Alice



Butler) son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Block-head.

The bride, a tall, slim, willowy weed, was thrown away by her father, and looked cow-kettish in a fetching gown of white satin, which was veiled with fish net and cleared the floor by four inches. She carried a sweet bundle of cabbages and chewed gum all the time, which was the groom's gift.

There was a Maid of Honor, Miss Topsy Messer, who waited on the bride hand and foot, four bride's maids and four ushers. The flower girl, Miss Doreena Patricia, looked exquisite in a stiff linen frock with a boudoir cap of pale blue silk and original lace. She carried a waste-paper basket of newspaper flowers which she strewed before the bride while strolling in to the melody of the Dead March.

The groom, a dumpy, thick-set chap, with a "fit-me-quick" suit and soft felt hat, looked the part. He was upheld by a would-be groom, Mr. Regie Snooks (Ruth Day), who unconsciously made eyes at the bridesmaids all during the service.

The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. Tommy Beetle, and ran as follows:

Minister.—My Dearest Dears!—We are gathered together here in the sight of the concert hall and in the presence of this assembled mob, to knot together this male and this female in matrimonial alliance, which is an honorable estate for the time being, instituted for divorce, if the party so desire, in the time of the Spanish Armada and therefore is not by any to be enterprised or taken in hand unadvisedly, minus money or good looks into which region of bliss these two freaks present come now to be trapped. Therefore, if any mutt can show any just cause why these may not be lawfully tied together let him now speak or else hereafter never forever keep his mouth closed."

Just at this moment a rough uncouth man, with red nose and bleary eyes, came rushing forward, saying

that he had a say there. However, as there was nothing true in what he said the groom soon laid him out.

Minister.—"After this untimely interruption I will continue and trust you will get my drift."

To the couple:—"I command and charge you both that if either of you know any perfectly good reason why you should not be lawfully, by me your humble servant, joined in matrimony, you do now out with it, for take it from me that so many as are coupled together otherwise are not joined harmoniously, neither is matrimony lawful or nice."

To the groom:—"Mr. Pessimist Blockhead, R.S.V.P., wilt thou have this female to be thy better half, to fight together, and ever after in the estate of matrimonial affliction? Wilt thou love her, beat and comfort her, honor, keep and leave her in measles, forsaking no other; keep thee only unto her till the time ye turn turtle?"

The groom:—"Them was my intentions when I left home."

To the Bride:—"Miss Empty-head Know-nothing, wilt thou consent to the trick and have this creation to be thy wedded spouse, to live together as before mentioned? Wilt thou love him, watch him and chastise him when he has the jaundice and when he hasn't, forsaking him only when you see a better chance so long as ye both shall live?"

Bride:—"I guess I'll have to."

Minister to groom:—"Repeat these words after me:

"I, Pessimist, take thee, Empty-head, to be my wretched wife, to grab and to grub from this day, marching on for bad or indifferent, starvation or gluttony, in hospital or out, to love and to loathe till the grim harvester doth gather us in."

Bride repeats after the minister:—"I, Empty-head, take thee, Pessimist, to be my wretched husband, to grab and to grub from this day, marching on for bad or indifferent, starvation or gluttony, in hospital or out, to love



and to loathe till the grim harvester doth gather us in."

Groom repeats with the minister :—"With this loop, a token and pledge of the misery ahead of me, I do thee wed."

Minister :—"Amen, so be it. Join right hands together."

"Those who have been joined together let no one split apart, for as much as Pessimist and Empty-head have done the deed and have witnessed the same before this startling array of ladies and gentlemen, and have pledged their faith, either to other, and have burned their bridges behind by joining paws, I announce that they are now of the same tribe, more to be pitied than laughed at."

To groom :—"Salute the bride."

The orchestra in attendance was con-

ducted by Signor Van Kilbörn, who made violent struggles to keep good time.

The pianist, Miss Dutchie Sharp, played the Dead March with a most dainty touch and almost brought tears to the eyes of those present.

After the ceremony, Miss D. Patrick sang "I love you, Dear," in a wonderfully love-sick manner.

The orchestra then gave a very harmonious selection, after which the Misses Messer and Day sang "Do you take this woman for your lawful wife," with variations.

When the bride and groom had signed the deeds everyone joined in an old-fashioned country dance.

The miserable pair left on the bus for the Junction, where they will spend their honeymoon.

## The Student Volunteer Convention.

We are indebted to the "North American Student" for the following article by G. C. McKown, of Princeton University.

This paper won the twenty-five dollar prize offered by the "North American Student" for the best 1,000 word "story" of the Volunteer Convention, written by one of the college journalists present at the conference of college editors during the Convention held in Kansas City, December 31st, 1913, to January 4th, 1914. Dr. Talcott Williams, Director of the School of Journalism, Columbia University, very generously acted as judge in the contest.

Five thousand delegates from institutions of learning in the United States and Canada gathered at Kansas City for a convention lasting from December 31 to January 4, in the interests of the Student Volunteer Movement. The gathering stood out as a living testimonial to the power of Christianity which was strong enough to draw these young people away from the good times at their homes during

the holiday to "this mount of inspiration," as the meeting was often characterized in the addresses.

In addition to being a source of religious inspiration, the Convention in its effects showed that the age of miracles had not passed. Delegates there saw with their own eyes conversions of young men and women who had much to give and who, under the power of the dominant note of the whole period—"the evangelization of the world in this generation"—which is the motto of the Student Volunteer Movement, gave it up willingly. The work was done quietly and without undue emotion. The array of speakers included the best in the country,—all men with a message. The emphasis was, of course, put on the need of men and women,—volunteers,—in the foreign field; but the need at home, in Christian work and in the various professions, was not overlooked. The aim of the whole meeting was, first of all, to get the Christian's outlook.

Dr. John R. Mott presided over the public meetings, and also made two of



the public addresses. Dr. Robert E. Speer, the associate with Dr. Mott in the Volunteer Student Movement in America, was one of the leaders, and among the other speakers were Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan, Dr. S. M. Zwemer (who came all the way from Egypt expressly to present the needs of the Moslem World to the Convention), Dr. Sherwood Eddy, an associate with Dr. Mott in the trip around the world in the interest of Missions made during the past year. Public meetings occupied the morning and evening hours, while the afternoons were given over to sectional and denominational conferences.

In actual results the informal, the personal, and delegation meetings held at times convenient for those interested accomplished the most. It was here that the power of God in transforming lives made itself visible in unmistakable manner.

In one group from one of the larger Universities there was a young student who came to the final delegation meeting of the period, held on Sunday night following the big meeting. His impression of the Convention and its power had not been favorable. He owned to being impressed by the "bigness" of the thing, but his own soul had failed to get its inspiration. He confessed to the need of men in the foreign fields, he saw the immediate character of the demand, but for him it had stopped there. The link connecting him with this need had not appeared. He came into this delegation meeting half discouraged. It came his turn to speak,—to tell frankly and plainly just what the Convention had meant to him. There was a hesitating pause,—and then these simple sentences:

"Fellows, I don't know what's the matter with me, haven't had tears in my eyes for ten years—not since one of my very dear friends died. But I can't keep them back to-night. I am all at sea. I want you to pray for me and with me. I am going to pray

now and I want you to help me."

He dropped to his knees, and prayed in broken sentences to a God who lifted him up later a changed man,—with his outlook cleared completely.

At one of the luncheons, given jointly by two of the delegations, the subject under discussion at one of the after-dinner speeches was "Why I Volunteered to go to the Foreign Field." There sat by the side of the chairman a young man from the East who had signed a "volunteer" card that morning, but his signature had failed to produce to him any enthusiasm. While the speeches were in progress this man leaned over and asked the chairman if he might speak. When he arose,—as he expressed it afterwards,—he "knew positively that I was not speaking but that it was someone speaking through me." This man had given up a future which promised him medical study abroad for three years and a New York practice, had given up a big fortune which until that time he had planned to use for his own pleasure, and had set his will up against the will of his parents, who were very much opposed to his devoting his life to work in foreign missions.

Instances of this sort are being told by all the delegates to the Convention. Christianity did not win in every case, however. There was a young Jew,—an orthodox Hebrew,—from an Eastern University also who went to the Convention with a complete understanding of what the appeal was to be. He went at the request of the Christian Society leader of his University to test out his Jewish faith and measure it with Christianity. He stuck it out for four days. He roomed with one of the strongest young Christian Volunteers, and the latter told after the young Jew had gone that some of the sessions which they had had together in the privacy of their room after others had gone to sleep were harrowing in their intensity. On Sunday morning the Hebrew left quietly for home. He left a mes-



sage for his fellows to this effect,—that he had given Christianity an honest and fair trial ; that he could agree with Christianity in all but one particular,—he could not accept the belief that Christ was the Son of God in body. On Saturday he wired his family in the East,—“I have fought and I have won.” In a spirit of prayer his fellows in the delegation thanked God that that young man had gone to Kansas City and they returned to their Alma Mater with unstinted admiration and fellowship for him.

The atmosphere about the Convention was charged with the spirit and

influence of “Service.” The leaders requested the delegates to keep the “Morning Watch Hour,”—a short time devoted to prayer and quiet communion. With this introduction of devotion the whole proceedings were in tune. The visible effects in their quantity were not startling, but the more quiet, although not less powerful in the lives which they touched, personal results are certain to be felt in the Universities to which these thousands of delegates returned, and through them later on in the Christianization of the World.



# Vox Collegii

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*To the Faculty, Students and Friends of Ontario Ladies' College this number of Vox Collegii is dedicated.*

## Editorial.

Another Christmas has flitted by and with it our vacation. The girls and teachers are all down to earnest work once more, yet quite frequently we hear a murmur about the different little experiences they enjoyed in their well-earned holidays.

\* \* \*

Perhaps we shall hear more, too, of a certain person's holiday, that same person being Dr. Hare, who has spent, from all signs, a most wonderful holiday in Washington, D. C. He has promised to describe some of the

sights he witnessed there, so you will hear more of it later.

\* \* \*

Miss Taylor also seems to have enjoyed her quiet but restful vacation, and the two fair maidens who could not tear themselves away from their College home, cannot say enough kind things about the different Whitby people who so royally entertained them.

\* \* \*

Several new girls have come to us since Christmas. To them we extend a welcome and wish them happiness for the remainder of the school year.

\* \* \*

To all its readers, the Vox extends the brightest of New Year's greetings with the wish that 1914 may be a year full of joy and sunshine.

\* \* \*

We acknowledge with thanks exchanges from—The Oracle; Bishop Bethune's Paper; Queen's Journal; O. A. C. Review; The Globe; McMaster University Monthly; The Argosy; The Gateway.

## A MERRY HEART.

We hear much discussion regarding popularity, success, pleasure. Everyone in the school is fond of the first, hopes for the second and strives for the third. It is remarkable what different methods different fellows take to gain all three, but particularly the last. Some keep straight, for such is their conception of happiness. Others go crooked, for they believe that pleasure lurks along devious paths. Some study, some throw water, some play ball, some loaf—each living by his particular light. It is a pitiable thing to hear the careless, idle, or dis-



honest girl say in the end that she has found no pleasure in all her struggles to gain it.

But there is one thing that leads to all three. Some practice it while others are too selfish even to believe that it is worth while. I refer to service—to giving. If any girl wishes to be a force in this College, if she wishes some day to review her school life with satisfaction, let her help others all she can. Show me the girl that gives unselfishly of her time in assisting fellow students with their studies, in forwarding the work of college societies or in training the girls upon the athletic fields, and I will show you a hap-

py girl. She may be busy the whole time, but long days are made short. She has in her heart a still small voice which says "You are a woman." She needs no praise from her fellows, for the woman within her speaks more loudly than the multitude. She is popular, for all people love the worker and the helpful. She is successful, for in the scheme of life success is measured by the good we do; she is happy because of the music in her heart, for do we not read "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance?"

Do you doubt this philosophy? Well try it—and judge.

—O. A. C. Review.

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## Trafalgar Daughters

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A most enjoyable and successful meeting of the Trafalgar Daughters was held Wednesday evening, January seventh, at eight o'clock, at the home of Mrs. J. K. McCutcheon, 86 Lowther Ave., when over sixty ex-pupils of Ontario Ladies' College were present and renewed old acquaintances.

The hostesses for the evening were Mrs. McCutcheon, Mrs. Atkinson, Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. Carscadden and Mrs. Ritchie.

The evening was spent informally, while at intervals musical selections were rendered by Misses Edna Mortimer, Florence Oberholtzer, Mary Endicott, Kathleen Lanceley and a very beautifully rendered reading by Miss Sheppard.

E. GRACE DALTON,

Press Rep. of T. D.

January 9th, 1914.

The many friends of Mrs. Roy J. Becker (nee Miss Lucille Cooke), will be very surprised to learn that she is

leaving us to go out West. Mr. Becker has been appointed to the very responsible position of Manager of the Good-year Tire Co. branch at Calgary. They leave for their new home on February 9, and the best wishes of a host of eastern friends go with them.

SUTTON—BERKINSHAW.

On Dec. 9, the marriage of Ollins May, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Berkinshaw, and Thomas Percival Sutton, of Calgary, Alta., son of Wm. Goldie Sutton, of St. Catharines, was solemnized by the Rev. Dr. Lyle, D.D., in Central Presbyterian Church. The church was decorated with palms and chrysanthemums. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a lovely gown of white charmeuse satin trimmed with rose point lace and seed pearls, tulle veil with Juliet cap edged with real lace, and caught with orange blossoms. She carried a shower of lilies of the valley and marguerites, and wore the groom's



gift, a platinum and diamond pin. Her bridesmaids, Miss Ethel Calder, wore blue brocaded charmeuse satin, black velvet hat, with blue ostrich feathers, and carried pink chrysanthemums, and Miss Dorothy McColl, of Toronto, wore tango brocaded charmeuse satin, black velvet hat, with tango ostrich feathers, and carried white chrysanthemums. The bride's gifts to her attendants were bar pins of pearls and peridot. The groom was attended by Mr. E. C. Malle, of Toronto, and Mr. Robert Grass. His gifts were scarf pins of pearls and peridot. The ushers were Mr. Norman Berkinshaw and Mr. Bryan McColl, of Toronto. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's aunt, Mrs. John Calder, Aberdeen avenue. Mrs. Berkinshaw was in pale blue hand-embroidered crepe, with black velvet hat trimmed with white osprey, and carried violets and pink roses. Mrs. Sutton, mother of the groom, was gowned in black satin, with Chantilly lace overdress with black satin hat. Mrs. Calder received her guests wearing black brocaded velvet, black hat trimmed with white ostrich feathers and carried yellow roses. Afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Sutton left for points east before returning to Calgary, the bride traveling in resin-colored broadcloth suit, hat to match, and white fox furs.

#### HOGG—SHILLINGTON.

One of the prettiest weddings of the season in the district took place in St. Paul's Anglican church, Haileybury, when Clariša, only daughter of Mr. R. T. Shillington, M.L.A., and Mrs. Shillington, of Haileybury, was married to Mr. William P. Hogg, manager of the Union Bank at Englehart. The ceremony was performed by the rector, Rev. J. C. Popey. At 3 o'clock the bride entered the church on the arm of her father, and followed by her bridesmaid, Miss Hazel Carey, of Toronto. The bridal procession was proceeded by the choir boys of the church, while Mrs. S. Atkinson played Lohengrin's

wedding march. The bride looked very sweet, and wore her mother's wedding dress of cream corded silk trimmed with rose point lace and pearls, with large bridal veil. She carried a bouquet of bridal roses with lily of the valley spray. The bride wore the groom's gift, a pearl necklace.

Miss Hazel Carey, the bridesmaid, wore pale blue charmeuse and shadow lace, with large black velvet hat, with touches of ermine and French roses. The groom was supported by Dr. J. C. A. Crawford, of Haileybury. During the signing of the register Mrs. Fred Score, of Toronto, sang, "O Fair, O Sweet, O Holy."

Following the ceremony the bridal party received at the home of the bride's parents, Georgina avenue. The house was beautifully decorated, the Christmas decorations being in evidence, a dark red being the predominating color, and included chrysanthemums, carnations and large oak leaves. The young couple received in the drawing room. The bride's mother was gowned in bronze green charmeuse, trimmed with Fitch fur with plumed velvet hat. The bride's grandmother, Mrs. R. J. Score, of Toronto, wore black chinchilla lace over white satin with black velvet hat and paradise feathers.

Mr. and Mrs. Hogg left on the evening train for New York, Toronto, and other points on their honeymoon trip, and will return about the first of the year. They will take up residence in Englehart, where the groom is manager of the Union Bank at that point. A large number of the young friends of the couple were at the station to give them a happy send-off. The bride travelled in a blue suit, velvet hat with osprey and ermine furs.

Miss Clara Shillington was a former pupil here. She attended for five years, 1905-'10, and was a great favorite with everyone, having a very sweet and lovable disposition.

The Vox extends its heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Hogg.



## —Y. W. C. A.—

We much regret the loss of our President, Miss Jessie Cassidy, to whom our warmest thanks are due, for her untiring efforts in the behalf of the Y. W., and for all her help in maintaining the highest spiritual aims in the work. Her place has been taken by Miss Gertrude Relyea, who has already proved herself to be a most capable and efficient worker.

Monday evening, December twelfth, Mr. Frederick Bell-Smith very kindly gave an evening in the concert hall in behalf of the Y.W.C.A. He read Dickens' "Christmas Carol," in such a way as to make his hearers both see and hear the different characters. Miss Edna Wakefield and Miss Clough also contributed to the pleasure of the evening.

The Mission study classes for the year nineteen hundred and fourteen have commenced. The books chosen for study are "China's New Day," "Strangers Within Our Gates," "The Black Bearded Barbarian," and "India Awakening." These books are being studied under the leadership of Miss Constance Kilborn; Miss Helen Gofforth; Miss Katherine Breithaupt and Miss Muriel Freeman. Watch the bulletin board for posters. Everyone is welcome.

The eighth National Convention of the Young Women's Christian Association of Canada was held at Winnipeg, Man., November 13-17, 1913. Among the speakers were the President of the Dominion Council, Mrs. N.W. Rowell; Mrs. E. C. Brown, President of the Y. W.C.A., of Winnipeg; Miss Anna V. Rice, Secretary for religious work in cities, for the National Board of the Y.W.C.A., of United States; Miss Una Saunders, National General Secretary; Professor Graham Taylor, of Chicago, the Rev. J. J. Robinson, D.D., Winni-

peg, and Miss M. Jamieson, Senior Student Secretary.

### KANSAS CITY CONVENTION.

There were five thousand students gathered together there from all parts of Canada and the United States, representatives from over eight hundred Colleges and schools, for the following purposes, as set forth by Dr. Mott, the chairman, and the head of the whole movement of North America.

1. To bring before the students the world's need of Christ.

2. To face the wholeness of the task that confronts the forces of Christ as they look into the world.

3. To realize the spiritual solidarity of the Christian Students of North America, and to remind ourselves of the relation that binds us to the students of other nations.

4. To emphasize, to demonstrate the reality, the vitality and the conquering power of our religion. For our cause is not a losing one but one of victory.

I think most of us first think of China and Japan when missions are mentioned—we seem more familiar with these lands. Here especially we learn much about China, because nearly all the missionaries' children who have been here have parents in mission work there. The convention emphasized the more neglected countries, and discussed them first, (the need in each of these was shown very clearly).

The great problem in Africa is the Mohammedan religion. This religion originated in Asia, spread to Africa, and now to North as well as South America. There are eight thousand Mohammedans along our Pacific Coast—they are bringing their problems to our own shores, and we must find a solution.



In Africa the broad base of this faith extends from Egypt to Morocco, and the religion is equally strong along the north-western coast. Its influence has spread to the pagan territory round about so that altogether there are fifty or sixty million adherents. However, the strength of Islam in Africa is not measured by numbers alone, but by the hold it has taken upon the people themselves. It has had thirteen centuries in which to set its stamp upon the political, intellectual and religious life of North Africa.

No one who has any idea of the teachings of Mohammed will question the need of Christ in Africa.

In South America, or Latin-America, as it is termed, because it is for the most part a Roman Catholic country, there is a worse problem than Mohammedanism. South America has been considered a Christian country, and while missionaries have been sent to almost every corner of the earth from this North America of ours, very few indeed have gone to the other half of our continent, South America. It is a country of a mutilated sacramental system, a closed Bible, false doctrines, painful superstitions and ignorance—only one man in five can read or write. Mary the Virgin is held up immaculate, but Jesus the Christ, the one Divine being who ever walked on our earth, is slandered, and that beautiful name seems to stand for anything but holiness.

The Roman Catholic Church was not attacked in any way at the Convention, for, as I have said, there were members of that church delegates there, and they, as well as Protestants were called upon to carry the truth to this wretched neighbor of ours, take them the Bible, which has always conquered wherever it has gone, and win South America for Christ.

In China there has been a reaction from Christianity to Confucianism, and at present the two religions seem to be hanging in the balance, as is shown by this cable sent to Kansas

City from China, "China Challenges : Christ or Confucius. Which?"

It is said that Confucius teaches much that is right to do, but Christianity is the only religion which gives the power to do right. Should not China be won for Christ?

Japan has made so much progress politically lately that we may think it has fully awakened, and missionaries are no longer needed there. But this year Japan has asked for an increase in her missionary force of half the number already there.

India has not ceased to call for help. That land of beautiful women, many down trodden and wretched because of the practices of the false religions which hold them in ignorance, needs an army of missionaries. To reach the men there must be men; to reach the women, women, for only they may visit the harems and so reach the wives and mothers.

Those of us who have studied or are studying India in Mission study classes will have an opportunity of imagining ourselves women in India, and will it be hard to realize that India needs Christ?

In Turkey the story is much the same as in China. The long-closed gates of this country have opened, and who will go and teach them about Christ, the only sure foundation for any government to be based upon?

Korea is shown as a brave, sincere little country of people who are doing wonders with the light which has been already given them. The statement was made by one speaker that he believed if Christianity should die out in all other lands, including our own, it would live in Korea, and finally spread again all over the world, so great is the belief of these people in Christ.

It seems unnecessary to go into any more details. The need of Christ is all over the world, less noticeable some places no doubt, but the need is the same.

And that need of Christ everywhere



is all I ask you to remember of all this.

Missions is not something dead, that only revive on the Mission anniversaries in churches, something far-off and vague, that we give some money to occasionally to keep our consciences quiet, or study about in classes because we want to do the right or the popular thing. But the Missionary cause is the cause of Christ. The most alive cause and the one most worth fighting for in the world.

Dr. Mott summed up the world problem in these words towards the close of the convention: "We are facing the greatest crisis in the history of the Christian church, the greatest because

the greatest opportunity for the spread of pure Christianity exists to-day. It is the greatest because the world faces the gravest danger that ever threatened it. Nations which have been asleep are now aroused, and this awakening points to the need of Christianizing the non-Christian world. And the greatest because of the urgency of the need for the spread of Christianity. With the strides, immense strides, that have been taken in international communication the world has narrowed, and we face problems which did not exist in the old days. Only pure Christianity can avert the world dangers which now threaten."

N. WRIGHT.

## Music

On Tuesday evening, December 16th, we held our musical in the concert hall. It was very much enjoyed by all, more so than usual, as we were assisted by a member of the Faculty. The rest of the program was rendered by well-advanced pupils.

Program.

Jugglery.

Marguerite Homuth.

Two Songs. Noel Johnson

Margaret Messer.

Valse Carnavalesque (duo) Chaminade

Misses Constance and Cora Kilborn

O schone, selge Zeit Carl Gotze

Katharine Breithaupt

Fileuse Chaminade

Nora Tucker

A Song of Thanksgiving

Gertrude Relyea

Gypsy Trail Galloway

Miss N. Wright.

Miss Gott held a recital for her pupils in the chapel on Saturday afternoon, December 13th, which was very successful. Ice cream and cake were served in the drawing room, after which Miss Gott was presented with a beautiful bouquet of "mums."

## Art

Miss Wright called a meeting of the girls who were interested in the forming of an Art Club. There were about twenty-five girls present, and after Miss Wright's little talk we were all quite enthusiastic to get started. The

girls elected these officers: President, Catherine Breithaupt; Vice President, Winnifred Mills; Secretary, Katherine Stutt.

There is to be an executive meeting, when a "code of rules" will be made



out, and then there will be a business meeting for approval of same.

Some of the girls have been doing pretty little winter sketches, and were very glad to see the trees laden with snow.

Our friend, "little Lillian," has a great love for domestic animals. She has a cat at home, which is very dear to her, but her love for "Major" is not to be compared with the fondness she has for dear old "Fido" in the Art room.

#### ART AND HUMOR

There are some people who think art and humor cannot be combined. The reason that art and humor are thought to clash sometimes is because the humor is not of the right kind.

Practical jokes, such as kite strings across the room, a broken picture to represent a motor smash, the bit of turf hacked up by a pictured golfer, and bits of real hair in a street fight, the sort of thing that may amuse us when assembled jovially, cannot stand the ordeal of a polite exhibition in the cold light of day. Scarcely more suitable for an exhibit, though really not so depressing, are dialogue jokes drawn for newspapers and magazines. Such

things should be seen and cast aside, for they seldom have any lasting qualities.

The two most successful styles of humorous drawing in England at the Exhibit of Humorous Art, are vivid and ingenuous. Mr. H. M. Bateman is quite the best exponent of the first. His line is full of vitality and humor, his pen laughs while it draws, and his characters amuse us as much as they seem themselves to be amused, and we laugh with them. Of the ingenuous style Messrs. Morrow and Watts show the best examples. In their case you laugh at their simple looking subjects, who are sublimely unconscious of their humorous aspect.

Elaboration is generally tiresome in Art, and can only be tolerated in cases where there is a sustained inspiration in the subject, as in the Italian Primitives. In humorous art elaboration is usually painful. You may take enormous pains beforehand, but it must not appear.

There should be a delightful lightness and tenderness of touch and not that heavy dull style of drawing which contradicts the playful character of a subject.—Art Chronicle.

## Household Science

After a splendid vacation the Seniors are ready once more for work. The class has diminished greatly, only seven remaining. The Sewing Class has likewise decreased, the Misses Cassidy, Dynes and White having departed with their smiling countenances from our sorrowing midst. We wish them every success in their new "sphere" of work.

We have been learning since Christmas the gentle art of cheesemaking—not that we really want to, but because this is in the course. It is so much easier to buy it all made and packed in a nice white jar.

"Speaking of love," we were all crazy about the ornamental icing on our Christmas cakes. They may have looked pretty when they were all finished, but oh, my! They must have been good, as all the girls arrived back in good health and spirits, and apparently sustaining no evil effects therefrom.

The mysteries of "Cowology" and the study of butchery are being solved at present.

"But then, steaks is steaks  
And roasts am roasts."

Deit White has forsaken her more



humble friends in pursuit of the knowledge of cookery for a perhaps more refined but not quite as useful a career. In other words, her aspirations are those of a dramatic star.

A hint from our new encyclopedia of cookery—"There are only 197 different kinds of cheese." This is considered even worse and more of it than the famous "Heinz 57 varieties."

Bobby—"Girls, listen! I'll tell you the latest news. This is imported tea."

Girls (in chorus)—"How do you know? Some tea! Please ask Miss W. for some tea!"

Bobby—"Because it's so hot!"

"It naver rains b't what it por's," and lo! and behold, that's the tru'st sayin' Methusalem ever uttered. Them Junor Dimistic girls hove been expectin' peace after ther laundry exam, and

now here comes cookin' exam in sight. Beats all how tryin' exams are, anyway. But then, as I sayed before, "It naver rains b't what it por's." So we'll leave it at that and we'll just hope that the ground on which the wet water falls will git some benefit from its sloppy condition.

D.S. Junior—"Did you ever hear a cake speak?"

D.S. Senior—"No, but I've heard a tart remark."

Old Girl, to D.S. Grad.—"I hope you won't be like a D.S. grad. I met a few years ago. She is simply mad on the subject of germs, and sterilizes or filters everything in the house."

D.S. Grad—"How does she get along with her family?"

Old Girl—"Oh, even her relations are strained."

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## Athletics

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Another month has seen the coming of winter, robed in spotless white and heralded by nipping gales. We college girls have welcomed it with the joy of full-blooded healthy Canadians.

The cold, clear weather, accompanied by an abundance of snow, has quickly brought every winter sport to the fore. Skating, tobogganing, snow shoeing, all have their place. The first has been carried on chiefly in the fine new skating rink, or rather big enlargement on the old Whitby town rink. The college, however, is also preparing a fair-sized rink of its own. As yet it is not completed, but if the fine weather continues it promises good skating.

We have had some splendid tobogganing. When the snow is well crusted the steep slide and long sloping hill furnish sliding possibilities which few can resist. When we say that many have already succeeded in reaching "the fence," why every girl who has ever attended O.L.C. will know just

what sort of tobogganing we have had this year.

Snow-shoeing is better than usual, Whitby being favored with an unusual amount of snow. Already the well-known snow-shoe track may be seen in many fields surrounding the college.

We must not forget the indoor sports among so many others. Swimming is still going on successfully. The Misses Constance and Cora Kilborn tried for and obtained the award of merit bestowed by the Royal Life Saving Society. Several others are preparing to try for the bronze medallion within the next few weeks, while still others are working for the Proficiency and Elementary Examinations.

Basketball is still popular, though it has been dropped of late for outdoor sports. One good game was played on the evening of the twenty-third of this month. Although the teams were picked that night, it was a good hard game.





## Fireside Notes

We were all very glad to know that Dr. and Mrs. Hare were able to spend the Xmas vacation with their son and family in Washington. From reports they enjoyed their trip immensely. As Dr. Hare was needed in the college he could not remain longer, so left Mrs. Hare to further enjoy the holiday.

Miss C. Dynes received a surprise from Mrs. W. Morgan (Emma Hare), of Ottawa, in the shape of a box filled with all the good things a college girl could wish for. In the evening all the third year girls were received in the D.S. room by Miss Dynes. The box was opened and the contents very much enjoyed. Thanks to Emma's generosity.

We are all very sorry to hear that Miss Libby Douglas is not returning to us. From reports we know she will have an exciting time in Winnipeg.

Miss G. Clough has returned to our midst once more. We are glad to know she is feeling better than when she left us before vacation. We hope her stay in 21 L.R. will improve her condition. Wanted, a volunteer to clean 33 U.R.

Mrs. McFadyen is heartily welcomed in the college, and we thank her for the many improvements she has made.

Miss Taylor and Miss Bingham spent their holidays at the college. They had a very restful time.

Miss G. Smith entertained in the D. S. room on the evening of December 11, in honor of Miss C. McCormick's birthday.

Miss Jessie Cassidy's presence is very much missed among the girls. Why did she take Domestic Science? We hope she will visit us before she enters into her new happiness.

On Monday evening, December 15th, the college and friends had a delightful treat, when Mr. Bell-Smith entertained us with a cutting from Dickens' "Christmas Carol."

Miss Verda Day has returned to the college, fully recovered from her recent illness.

On December 13th in the D.S. room a very delightful birthday party was given in honor of Miss Edith Hodder.

We sympathize with Miss E. Smythe in her recent illness, and hope she will be able to be among us soon.

Miss D. Stewart had a very pleasant surprise when her mother and brother came to the college for a short visit.

The girls of Miss Gordon's bacteriology class are very sorry that they postponed their exam. so late that Miss Gordon was unable to attend the reception in Toronto. We were glad to know that her friend, Miss O. Cruikshank, was able to spend the week end with her.

In the D.S. room, on the evening of December 13th, a few of Miss Jessie Cassidy's friends gave her a very delightful farewell party.

We are sorry to lose one of our younger girls, Miss Francis Price. We expect she will be down to visit us soon and envy her sister being here.

I wonder what attraction there is in



Toronto for the teachers, as the following have spent very pleasant week-ends there: Misses N. Wright, Weir, Gordon and O'Brien.

Illness at home is taking Miss H. McFadyen from us for a while. We hope her mother improves rapidly, allowing Hazel to be with us again.

Miss F. Amey spent a very pleasant week-end in Toronto very soon after her arrival at the college from her vacation.

Word has been received that Miss L. Armstrong will return to us next term. We thought we were going to lose her, so the good news is very welcome.

Illness is detaining Miss M. Fawcett. We hope she will be able to return to the college soon.

On December 10th Miss M. Garlock entertained a few of her friends to a delightful afternoon tea.

Miss G. Hanson (Barcus) spent the week-end of January 24th very pleasantly with her friend "Vergi" in Toronto.

On Monday, January 19th, a division of girls went to hear an excellent concert given in the Methodist church.

Miss L. LeGeer spent the week-end of January 23rd in Toronto. M. G.—She seems to be "doty" about something in Toronto.

The twins have been in trouble. Evelyn just recovered from a slight illness when Muriel took sick. We are glad to see them around the halls again.

On Monday evening, January 19th, the privileged Seniors had their delightful yearly sleigh drive to Oshawa, with Miss Taylor and Miss Weir as chaperones. After driving around Oshawa we were allowed to have refresh-

ments at Tod's, which were much enjoyed.

Miss C. Dynes is greatly missed by her O.L.C. sisters. We are very sorry she has gone, so can only hope she is quite satisfied with her new life and studies in Boston. Come to see us when you can, Catherine, and don't have any eats in your room, as they draw mice.

Miss N. Tucker entertained a few of her friends in the D.S. room on December 6th. A very enjoyable evening was spent.

Illness still keeps Miss G. Langmaid home. We hope she will soon recover and be able to be with us once more.

On Saturday, January 24th, a very delightful sleigh ride was given in honor of Misses E. White, G. White, C. Breithaupt and V. Hitchcock's birthdays by a few of their friends. The drive to Brooklin ended all too soon, but on arriving at the college tea was served in the D.S. room, which was also enjoyed.

A very interesting evening was spent on Friday, January 23rd, when an exhibition of basketball was given.

Warning.—Keep the windows down during cold weather to prevent the pipes from catching cold. Oh, I mean to prevent the pipes from freezing and the girls from catching colds.

Mrs. Homuth gave a delightful party in the drawing room on Saturday, January 24th, in honor of her mother, Mrs. F. G. Sparling, who is visiting at the college for a few days.

We are sorry that Miss L. Sutherland's illness is preventing her from being among us for a while. We hope she will return to us soon well and strong.





The school has been made very bright lately by Miss Findley's paper flowers.

Miss W., to Rita, who had pushed a chair and a desk together—"Rita, who do you suppose can get in there?"

Rita—"Barcus' cow."

Irene—"I was trying to act like you to-day, Velma."

Velma—"What were you trying to do, look pretty?"

Hazel C.—"Doc, let me see your left hand."

Doc (holding up hand)—"Here it is."

Hazel C.—"Why don't you wear your solitaire on your left hand?"

Doc—"It's where it belongs."

Louise G.—"Remember, Doc's left-handed."

Flory.—"Miss Gordon, will you please excuse Jean from classes this morning, as she has an awful cold."

Miss Gordon (who has been down several times the night before to try to stop the continued flow of language)—"Ask Jean if she is sure the cold isn't in her tongue, from talking so much last night."

The Latin scholars will be delighted to know that a new declension has been discovered: Haig, Hagar, Hagerman.

Tot.—"Why do you call your dog Spearmint?"

Nora.—"Because he has a Wrigley tail."

Marian H. went flying into Eaton's, and "wanted a mouse trap in a hurry to catch a train for Whitby."

A young gentleman in Toronto, asking Miss Josephine Greenway for her address, was met with the hurried reply, "Oh, you will find me in the telephone book." We knew Joe was thin, but, oh, my!

Miss Taylor's latest offering to our dainty menu—Silent Soup, like dog in sausage.

Ruth D.—"These beds are no good in the spring."

Mary M.—"Yes, but think of the winter."

After the good advice of Miss Taylor to take breathing exercises by the open window before breakfast, it occurred to some of the girls that the new storm windows, with their small openings, were not sufficient for their lung capacity, but one bright student remarked cleverly, "You pinheads will not be greatly hindered. Open the window and throw your chest out."

O.L.C. can at least boast of one brilliant kid—Doc.

One of the girls was heard remarking to Deit White on the uplifting effect of her conversation, to which she replied, "Oh yes, I was brought up in an elevator."

O.L.C.'s latest hint in the Book of Etiquette—"Always speak with your mouth full. It is good taste."

Why are women like bread? Because men need them? No, because it is difficult to get them off your hands.

One of Mr. Atkinson's heavy jokes—What holds all the snuff in the world? No one knows (nose).



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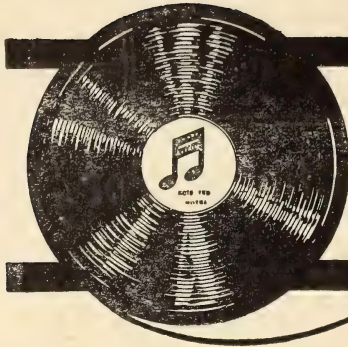
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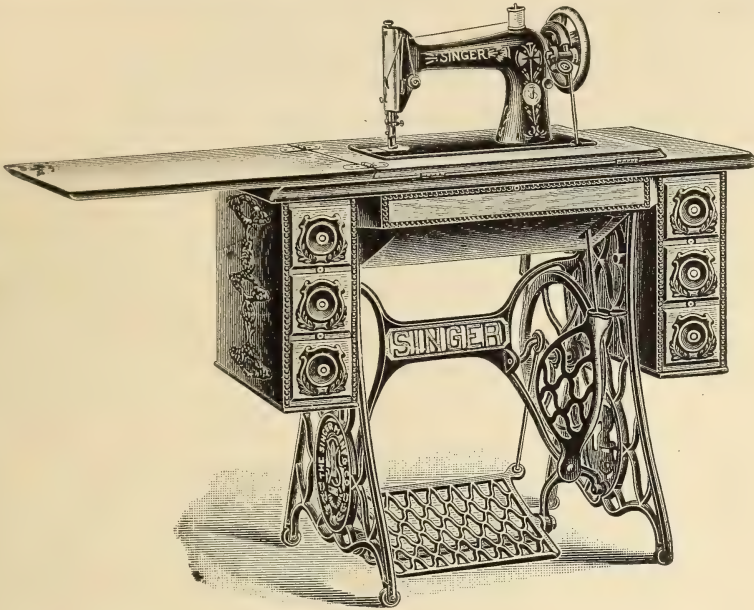
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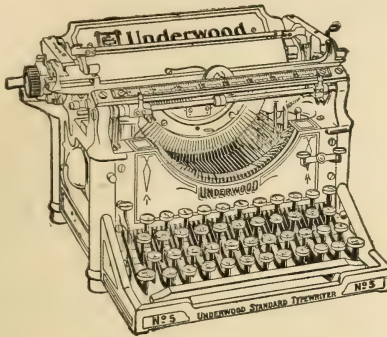
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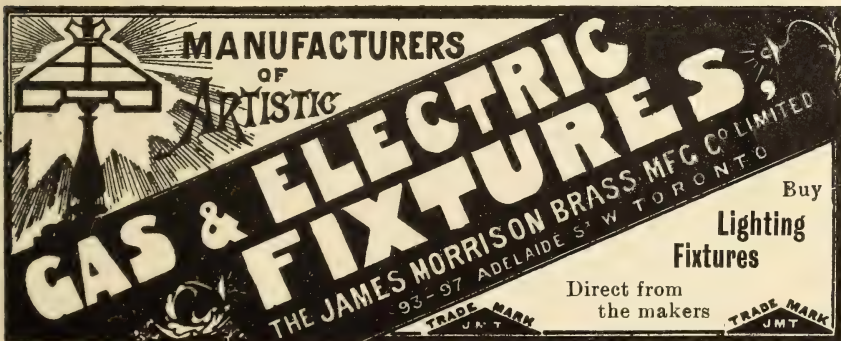
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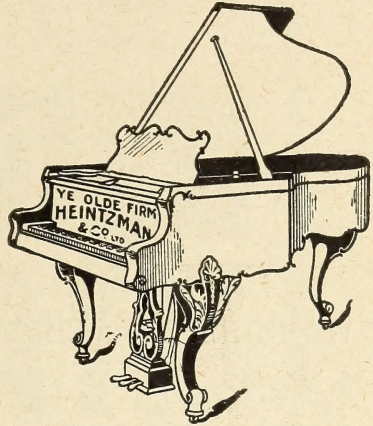
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